## IN THE TWILIGHT.

In the days that are gone forever
You have welcomed the twilight dim,
And watched for the stars' faint gleaming,
Far down the horizon's rim.
Then your heart was so gay and happy
In the soft and tender glow,
That it reveled in all the fancies
That a care-free life can know.

You have sung with the gushing gladness
Of a heart unused to pain,
With never a note of sadness
To burden life's sweet refrain.
With the blessed home ties unbroken,
With the voices you love so near,
No gathering gloom could darken
The joy that shone bright and clear.

But to-day, as the shadows gather,
Your heart with its grief is sore,
As you long for the sound of voices
That are heard on earth no more.
In the quiet and rest of twilight,
All the grief of the by-gone years
Comes back, till the heart o'erburdened
Is numb with the weight of tears.

But the twilights of life are fading
Into heaven's unclouded day,
Where await us the joy and gladness,
That earth's sorrow has swept away.
Oh, to sing with a heart unfettered
By a thought of pain or woe!
Oh, to find in the realms of glory
The loved ones of long ago!
—Laura Wilson Smith, in Zion's Herald.


"SO you're going to settle in Black Kettle," said the editor of Poncho Headlight, after he had greeted his old college mate from New England. He put his feet across the pine table, lighted his corn-cob pipe, and continued: "You won't mind if I give you a little advice, Tom, will you? No? That's right. It can't hurt and it might help you. Don't mix up in politics just yet. Things are rather unsettled in that line in Black Kettle, and being a stranger and of course a tenderfoot, you might accidentally get into the bad like poor Bob Sturgis did.

"I'll just tell you about Bob and it'll help you to appreciate the situation better than any amount of cautioning or lecturing might do. Three years ago Bob came through Poncho just like you. He was tired of the big towns, wanted to grow up with the country and asked me to advise him. Black Kettle was just settling up then, and I told him he might hit it better there than anywhere else. I don't think I exaggerated the merits of the vicinity, but at all events Bob got enthusiastic and picked Black Kettle as the place of the whole world where he wanted to settle.

"I gave him letters to Batt Grassmuck and Jim Trefny, the politicians, and another letter to Pip Houck, the editor of the Black Kettle Torch. Pip had been a printer in the Headlight office, had naturally branched out as an editor, and by all reports, was fast

"DON'T MIX UP IN POLITICS JUST YET."

becoming a leading citizen of the new town of Black Kettle. Well, Bob Sturgis went down there full of high-minded hopes, fired with an ambition to become a power in the community and confident that my letters introducing him to the two foremost politicians and the only editor in town would give him a running start. Well, they did. In a year Bob was County Commissioner, and his name appeared in the Torch with significant regularity.

"During the second year, as I found by continuous reading of the Torch, Black Kettle Democracy got split up into two factions. Sturgis became the leader of the law and order element, and crystallized his organization under the name of 'The Anti-Horse Thief Association.' The opposing faction was made up of cowmen, gamblers, oblique politicians and gamblers, who, while not in sympathy with the Anti-Horse Thief Association, were yet at variance with the Republican party of the county. The Torch was Democratic, and I noticed that it was constantly in a state of editorial hesitancy between Bob Sturgis' outfit and the out and out lawless clique which represented a good half of the party's strength. Finally I read in a carefully worded article descriptive of the Democratic convention the news that there had been established a pact of peace and co-operation between the Anti-Horse Thief Association and the less prudish wing of the party.

"Thereafter Bob Sturgis' name dropped suddenly out of the columns of the Torch, and I guessed, with reason, that the bald truth about the situation was that the horse thieves had captured that convention and Bob, refusing to amalgamate with the victors, was to be relegated to private life. The Torch began to blaze with triumphant editorials about a 'reunited party.' It was about two months after this situation had developed when I read one morning in the Black Kettle Torch the following brief obit.:

"'ROBERT STURGIS.

"'County Commissioner Robert Sturgis died last Saturday evening. He was buried Tuesday at the Willow Creek Cemetery. He was born in Boston and has been an honored citizen of Black Kettle for the past two years.'

"Now that insignificant notice of the passing of a prominent citizen of a small frontier town arounsed my suspicion. Bob had been my roommate at college, and I didn't like Editor Pip Houck's nonchalant manner of dismissing the memory of a man who was, at least, as good as the average citizen of Black Kettle. So I wrote to Pip and got no answer. Then I got on the train and went to Black Kettle. I met Batt Grassmuck and Jim Trefny and the other local politicians at the Jockey Club saloon. They all knew me, and I entertained them with the news of Poncho, a few fresh gags from the minstrel show and some stories that appealed to their peculiar ideas of wit. When I got 'em all in good humor I looked up suddenly and said: 'By the way, boys, what happened to Bob Sturgis?'

"Well, Tom, upon my word, if the devil himself had popped up between us they couldn't have been more scared. Every man of them turned on his heel and walked away without a word. Of course that made me more curious than ever. I walked over to Fred Bogg's bank and put the question squarely at him. 'What did Bob Sturgis die of?' but Boggs only got pale, fumbled at his watch chain and said 'he didn't pay much attention to politics.'

"Finally I went over to the office of the Torch and asked Pip Houck. He got nervous at once, got his pistol out of the drawer, slipped it in his pocket, and asked me if I'd 'mind walking down stairs with him.' We went down into the dirty, damp, dark cellar under the Torch building, and there in a whisper the editor cautiously demanded a promise that I would not 'make a fuss' if he told me about Bob. I promised and he said: 'Truth about it is the boys killed Bob, but of course it wouldn't look good for the town to say so. They give him a funeral and all that, but they don't want no fuss made about the killing. You see, Bob never would get in line. When the reorganization of the party took place he just kicked over the traces and kept on standing out for reform and such truck. Trefny and Grassmuck and all the cowmen argued with him, but 'twan't no good. He'd just up and tell 'em that he meant to prosecute, and if necessary, hang all the horse thieves and law breakers he could lay his hands on.'

"'And then what?' I asked Pip Houck.

"'Why, then,' he said, 'they just had to kill him.'

"Now, Tom," resumed the editor of the Poncho Headlight, "Black Kettle is a good town all right, and after you get used to the free-and-easy atmosphere you'll like it first rate. But take my advice, don't get mixed up in politics until you know exactly 'where you're at.'"—John H. Raftery, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

## WISE WORDS.

Much kindred, much trouble.—French proverb.

An innocent heart suspects no guile.—Portuguese proverb.

I had rather do and not promise than promise and not do.—A. Warwick.

Better a friendly denial than an unwilling compliance.—German proverb.

Silence, when nothing need be said, is the eloquence of discretion.—Bovee.

A hundred years cannot repair a moment's loss of honor.—Italian proverb.

The worth of a State, in the long run, is the worth of the individuals composing it.—J. S. Mill.

What an absurd thing it is to pass over all the valuable parts of a man, and fix our attention on his infirmities.—Addison.

The way to rise above the disappointment is to fix our eyes not on others or on our own failures, but on the mark, and press toward that."—H. W. Foote.

Let us do the most we can to make the home a place where the children shall grow helpful, natural, happier, toward the noblest manhood and womanhood. Let us remember that it is the little things that make up the atmosphere. The kind word to the child, the little fault-finding, the little nagging—it is just these little tiny things that make the comfort or discomfort of the home.—Minot J Savage.

# BILL ARPS' LETTER

## William Had Heart Trouble and Thought His Time Had Come.

## TOOK MORPHINE, DREAMED DREAMS

### In Hallucination He Quotes Jingling Poetry—Says He Will Survive the Wreck of Matter and the Crash of Worlds.

If anyone else was concerned I would not write this sick letter, but it may benefit others who are similarly affected. I have been a very sick man and hardly expected to see my next birthday, but I have scuffled through and am now on the upgrade. One of my far-away boys wired to me to work on my stomach and I would get well. He might as well have wired: "Keep on living and you will keep living on."

No, it wasn't my stomach. It was higher up, where the left ventricle of the heart had got walled in and the trouble was what the doctor calls the angina pectoris, and my left arm was helpless. For two days and nights I suffered more real agony than I ever suffered in all my life. Our doctor boy was here from Florida, and knew exactly what was the matter, and I took all his medicine, but got little relief, and I was willing to die to get out of pain. Finally he gave me morphine in both arms and I went off to sleep and rest. Those morphine dreams and visions are always a miracle to me. I thought that in his talk about my trouble he called it angelina pectoris, for I don't hear well now, and I got the refrain on my mind, that pretty verse from Goldsmith's "Hermit."

"Turn, Angelina—ever dear—
My charmer turn to see,
Thine own, thine long-lost William here,
Restored to heaven and thee."

Ever and anon I could hear it raining on the tin roof, but it didn't rain a drop. All night long I was mumuring, "Turn, Angelina, dear." I couldn't stop it, nor think of anything else to say, but I wasn't restored—next day I got some better, and as I hadn't taken any nourishment for three or four days I craved something acid, and like a foolish boy eat a small piece of huckleberry pie for supper, which they told me not to do. That set the dogs to barking about mid-night and set me back just where I had been, and the doctor's work all had to be done over again. Emetics and hot baths and hot water bags and more morphine finally brought relief. That night after supper the young people had the dining room table cleared off and were playing that pretty little childish game called ping pong or ding dong or Hong Kong, or some outlandish name with its tinkling balls, and so I got another refrain and was murmuring ping pong, ding dong and ding dong bell all night. One of my boys, who is always punning, told his mother that huckleberry pie business was simply a case of too much pie-eaty, and they tried to make me smile, but they couldn't. I was past all wit and humor and puns and jokes. But I am done with huckleberry pie and huckleberry cordial and Huckleberry Finn and any other huckleberry. Only last Saturday my only brother died suddenly of heart failure away off from home. His time was not out, for he was nearly twenty years younger than I am, and now, alas! I have no brother, and he was always a good brother to me. But almost everybody is threatened with heart failure now, and so I am looking out for it, but don't want it to come along the Angelina line. The heart is the most wonderful and mysterious organ of our anatomy. It is called the seat of affection, the desires and the emotions. The organ of love and hate and joy, but it is not. It is mentioned in the Bible more than six hundred times, and always in connection with our good or bad traits, but it has nothing to do with feeling or emotion or character. It is nothing but a fleshy pulpy organism, a mechanical contrivance, and has to be carefully nursed or it will rebel. It is the engine that drives the whole anatomical machine. If overworked, or overfed with ice or tobacco or anything else it will work on faithfully until it can't work any longer, and then gets discouraged and dies suddenly at its post. The book says that but little was known to medical science concerning the heart until the eighteenth century, and that within the last fifty years many books have been written, and now no part of the human system is better understood or more satisfactorily treated. The disease called angina pectoris is declared to be the most dangerous to which it is subject because of its distressing pain and a sense of impending death. If I had read that while I was suffering I should have surrendered, but the doctor wouldn't tell me nor let me read it. He says it is better to minify rather than to magnify the apprehensions of his patients. But the young people ought to be told, told often and earnestly, that they can't fool with the heart. A boy who smokes cigarettes on the sly is storing up trouble that will surely come home and sap his manhood and shorten his his life. This is so well known now that good men will not employ boys who smoke. One vice calls for another and a news manager told me the other day that one of his newsboys skipped some of his patrons every week so as to have a paper or two to sell and get money to buy cigarettes. Of course he discharged him.

It is pleasant entertainment to listen to a doctor tell of his varied experiences and this one uttered a truth the other day that ought to provoke serious thought in every parent's bosom. He says that his greatest foe in the treatment of diseases of children is their disobedience to their parents and it is most generally the mother's fault. They will do things that are forbidden, but she overlooks their disobedience and so when they get sick they will not take the physician's medicines without force or a struggle, and if the doctor is not there to force it the mother lets the time pass rather than hear the screams or cries of the child. Not half the parents enforce obedience from the children. Prompt and willing obedience should be the first lesson taught a child. Their happiness depends on it and so does the mother's peace.

We old-fashioned people have ut little patience with a generation that is trying to reform the world with new methods—abolishing the ways of their forefathers—raising children on love instead of discipline and filling the schools in the land with athletic sports and intercollegiate contests. What honor, what manliness is there in kicking a ball or batting one or wrestling or rowing a boat? These sports have gotten to be the most important part of the curriculum and fill the daily papers with pictures and thrilling reports of the games. It is all an "ignis fatuus" that fools the boys and make them think they have acquired an education. When they went to college their parents had fond hopes of them—when they came out that hope is gone, for they are unfit for business or the duties of life.

While I was half recovering from the morphine state I got to ruminating about the value of things and I compared good health and domestic happiness and the love and devotion of wife and children with fame and power and wealth and ambition and the very thought of them sickened me.

I wouldn't give a good shower of rain just now for Roosevelt and all he has got or ever expects to be. But I love Roosevelt because he hates Miles and I love Miles because he hates Roosevelt, and I despise them both—"Turn Angelina"—ping pong. And last of all came Saan. They are for war. They kill a thousand negroes to our one. They make a land desolate and call it peace. They have trampled the love of liberty in the dust and all for lust of power and place. A woman from Kansas City sends me a paper with a speech of a Grand Army of the Republic orator on Decoration Day, in which he states that he wishes every confererate monument was buried in the bottomless ocean, and other vindictive things, and she wants me to answer it. No, it is no use. That Grand Army of the Republic is full of just such contemptible creatures, and I can't answer them all. It is a standing curse to the peace of the land. Let the ball roll on. Turn Angelina—ping pong, ding dong, ding dong bell. We will survive the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds. And so I went off to sleep murmuring, there is no Grand Army. It is a two for a nickel or four to one concern. If it couldn't fight better than that, I'd apologize and hide out. Some of them down here in Atlanta would like to make friends, but they have never apologized and the way they do reminds me of the old couplet:

"I know that you say that you love me,
But why did you kick me down stairs."

Ping—pong—ding—dong—Turn, Angelina—Wish I was well enough to work in my garden.—Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.

Mr. Wu Ting-fang acquired his pungent English in London. He was a student in the Middle Temple in 1876, and was known by his proper and unpronounceable name of Ng Choy. Subsequently, states the London Chronicle, after he had entered the public service of his country at Tientsin and had been promoted to be a mandarin, he followed the custom of adopting an official name. Ting-fang is said to mean "hall fragrance," and is intended to indicate that the one so designated is so just and eminent a law-giver that the sweet savor of his reputation "fills the court."


### It Were True.

Lives great men oft remind us
We can make our lives sublime
(If it true that time is money)
If only have the time
—Baltimore News.

### Tender Hearted.

The Storyteller—"There, there, don't cry. You know the sharks didn't really drown me."

The Listener—"That's just it! I feel so sorry for the poor, hungry sharks!"—New York Journal.

### Too Sincere.

"My husband often says that his disposition might be worse," said the patient looking woman.

"That sounds gentle and conciliatory."

"Yes, but he always insists on going ahead and proving it."—Washington Star.

### His Weakness.

Albert—"Why, don't you recollect that girl? That's the girl you used to rave over last summer—call her a 'poem' and all that."

Edward—"By Jove! so it is! I never could commit a 'poem' to memory."—Harper's Bazar.

### Descriptive.

Bacon—"Who is that short, thick man over there?"

Egbert—"Are you blind? That man is tall and slim."

Bacon—"Oh, you haven't talked to him. He's short of money and thick in the head."—Yonkers Statesman.

### Known Too Late.

"Do you remember," said Mrs. Grumps, "when you asked me to marry you?"

"Yes," said Mr. Grumps.

"And I said 'Yes?'"

"I remember it. We both always did talk too much."—Washington Star.

### An Odd Case.

"Why, the first publisher the book was offered to accepted it, and predicted that it would be a phenomenal success!"

"That's very strange. I never heard of a book being a success until at least a dozen publishers had declined it."—Puck.

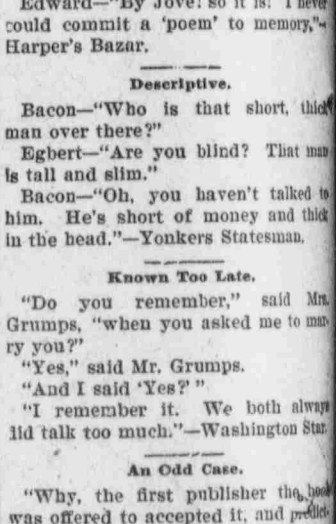
### Economy.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I did just what you told me to."

"You mean about economizing?"

"Yes. Instead of buying sirloin steak, I bought porterhouse. It isn't nearly so large, you know."—Washington Star.

### The Reason.



Wise—"A college education pays in the end."

Wrong—"How so?"

Wise—"Well, my son has signed to pitch for $2000 next season."—Detroit Free Press.

### How It Might Be Spoken.

"I saw him," said the complaining witness, "steel a hammer from the hardware store and bolt for the door upon which I noticed he had riveted his attention from the start."

"Yes," said the magistrate encouragingly.

"Well, I tried to hold him, but he gave a wrench and got a weight, and then I quietly called a policeman and nailed him."

"You employed grate tack," said the magistrate. "Tin months."

Which shows how convenient it would be if we would only fit our conversation to circumstances.—Baltimore News.